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AFTER THE SUNSET

AFTER the sunset—what, pray, then?
When droops the rose of day;
When scarlets flush and melt away,
And sunlight's lamp burns blue and grey,
And flares again,
Just to emit a dying ray
After the sunset—what, pray, then?
*Then the shadowy way
And the star-born light
Of the silent night,
Of the silent night.*

After the sunset—what, then, pray?
When bled the heart, careworn;
When sorrow's flow'rs had shown the thorn,
And youth's fair dreams were rudely torn,
And grief did lay
His bitter hand on the soul forlorn.
After the sunset—what, then, pray?
*Ah! thank God, the morn!
And the soul's release
Amid love and peace,
Amid love and peace.*

—LaFayette Lentz Butler.

EXTINCT PRINCETON PUBLICATIONS

TO some the title of this little inroad into the realms of Princeton history may cause surprise, but we are apt to take our college world as we find it, and forget its distant, or even recent past. But suffice it to say that eleven, and possibly twelve, publications of various descriptions have appeared and disappeared here in our University. In attempting to trace the history of these many literary efforts, only the files in the University Library could be obtained, so doubtless in the course of this article there may be errors of dates, volumes, and so on, which any "old grad" who peruses these columns is begged to pardon. Could the present writer have had the opportunity of talking with several of them, no doubt this bit of history would have been much fuller and more satisfactory to all concerned.

The first of these extinct publications in point of time was, strictly speaking, not a Princeton magazine, but it and its successors were connected so long and so honorably with the name of Princeton that it deserves mention. This is the "Biblical Repertory," first published in 1825 by Mr. Hodge, Professor of Oriental Languages in the Theological Seminary. This highly serious-minded gentleman maintained his quarterly until 1829, when a committee gave him much-needed assistance, and continued the publication until 1871 as the "Biblical Repertory and Theological Review." The magazine contained for the most part theological and philosophical articles, evidently learned, but certainly to the reader of the present day rather dry and uninteresting. In 1877 it became the "Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review," leaving a little of its religious character and becoming more general in its topics. In 1876 the "Quarterly" came to an end, but was revived in 1878 as the "Princeton Review," which lasted,

except for a slight lapse in 1885, until the November issue of 1888. The "Princeton Review," while national in its nature, was edited largely by Princeton men, and dealt to some extent with Princeton topics. What caused its disappearance could not be learned, but a growing slimness in the size of the volumes from 1876 to 1888 may indicate serious loss of popularity, and so perhaps financial difficulties. Nevertheless, while it lasted it certainly maintained a most admirable standard, and its disappearance was no doubt regrettable.

But to turn to the student publications. On February 20, 1840, appeared that most interesting paper, "A Gem from Nassau's Casket." Notwithstanding the startling title, the paper was small, about the size of a large book, containing but eight pages. This first number is unfortunately lost to us, or we might have been able to learn whether the "Gem" had any predecessors. If not, it is the first paper ever published by the students of Princeton. In number two of volume one we find this notice:

"TERMS.

"The Gem will be published semi-monthly, provided it meets with a reasonable degree of encouragement, and entirely on the 'cash system.' Single copies may be obtained at John Bogart's Printing Office, at the rate of four cents."

Reasonable, at least. The editors, who were anonymous, according to the custom of the day, seem very indignant that the rumor had spread abroad that the paper was being published for political purposes. Such a thing would, of course, seem absurd to us, but it gives us, nevertheless, a striking illustration of how high national political feeling ran in those days. If the historian were a moralizer he might say more.

Of the literary excellence of the "Gem" much can not be said. Numbers two and three of volume one are all that we possess. These contain some verse, very mediocre and mechanical, articles on "Poetry" and "What is Moral

Courage?" and a few short stories. These stories, intended to be highly serious, strike us as almost ludicrous. One, for instance, purporting to be true, after telling of the model youthful days of a certain girl, Ellen, says:

" * * * * Whilst young, many admirers came about her, and she smiled upon all—not because she was a coquette, but because her heart was a fountain of gladness, and her path was a ray of light."

Then it tells of her betrothal to a young man who goes to the city to make his fortune, but becomes dissipated, in the words of the "Gem," At length he found himself a broken merchant, having lost his character; lost his property; and lost his *Ellen!*"

"Reader! This is no fictitious tale! Rum was the destroyer! Reflect! I often see Ellen now! She did not die of a broken heart, as some of her novel-reading friends expected. But she felt—felt deeply, the degradation of her heart's idol, and the downfall of her young hopes. Often now, in the midst of gaiety, will a cloud darken the sunshine of her face as a remembrance of the past comes up. * * * May God have mercy on those who have had their young affection blighted."

Another story is still more striking. It is a tale, in eight chapters, of Indian adventure in the West. Dialogue there is none, only description of fight after fight. The closing sentences of the story will suffice to disclose its character and style. Chapter eight ends thus:

"The same arrow pierced them both. The dying girl gave one last fond look at her expiring lover—then, locked in each other's arms, they fell into the yawning gulf below."

Whether the "Gem" survived after number three of volume one can not be ascertained. The editorial in that issue, however, hints of financial troubles, and as the first issue of the *LIT.*, some two years later, makes no mention of the "Gem," we may conclude that its life was not prolonged many issues. Notwithstanding this and what

has been said of its quality, it was a praiseworthy effort, deserving of a better fate. Its utter serious-mindedness has a note of entire sincerity, at least.

The next publication is one of wholly different character. But one copy of "The College Tatler" can be found, number one of volume one, and the chances are that this was the only issue of this peculiar paper. It appeared in May, 1845, purporting to be the work of the Sophomore Class, and having for its object the amusement of its readers, not stating whether it ever intends to appear again, or at what intervals. This one issue is about the size of our present honored daily, containing but four pages. The entire back page is covered by a mock heroic poem, very halting in metre and rhyme. The rest of the paper is given over to some verse, a few topical jokes, an editorial, and some comic articles. A "Sermon on Malt" and a satirical account of a big temperance meeting in Old North are very clever, but rather questionable in character. The article, however, which particularly strikes one's attention, is one on "How to Do in College." Among other directions for the students' conduct, it gives these:

"Polers are a nuisance to society, and every one has a right to annoy them; if, then, you have any among your acquaintances, make it a point of duty to visit them every day and keep them from studying. Lay this down as a thing to be acted upon always. You won't study, and they shan't.

"Never go to recitation before the roll is called; it is a sign of verdancy; but when the Professor is touching upon some interesting subject, come in, and make as much noise as possible.

"Talk and laugh during prayer time—it is a sign of good breeding."

The chances are that the Faculty saw to it that this ambitiously witty effort did not reappear after the first issue. Its tone certainly invited suppression. But the

irrepressible undergraduate was evidently not to be put down permanently. In June of 1854, appeared the first of the comic annuals. This particular one was the "Acaleph," published by the Juniors on the subject of the Sophomores, and is, in fact, the only time when the Juniors of those days put themselves on record as condescending to caricature the class below them. Names are mentioned, frailties of all kinds are pointed out, and the whole class, one by one, are held up as objects of derision. The satire and wit approached sometimes almost to the bounds of impropriety.

In June of 1856 the "Memorabilia Sophomorum" and the still more famous "Nassau Rake" made their first appearance simultaneously. They appeared after that each year until 1860, when publication ceased, apparently for all time. In reading matter and style these annuals followed very closely the "Acaleph," becoming, however, as time went on, even more questionable in parts. To our minds, used to the sharp distinction between upper classmen and underclassmen of the present day, the "Rake" comes as rather a startling phenomenon. Not content with attacking the Freshmen, the Sophomores, who published it, turned just as much attention to deriding the Juniors, and attacked them with equal vigor. Apparently this was looked upon as a perfectly natural procedure. The "Memorabilia Sophomorum" was published each year by the Freshmen, as an answer to the "Rake."

With the volume published by the class of 1864, the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE suspended publication after appearing continuously for twenty-two years. In its place the class of 1865 published the "Nassau Quarterly." An editorial in the first issue of the new publication has this to say:

" * * * To us is assigned the double duty of pronouncing the requiem of the dead, and the introduction of a new child into the literary world. * * *

Nothing would have been more in accordance with our desires than to have retained the time-honored institution the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE. But as this has become an impossibility on account of the great advance in publishing prices, we have been compelled to change it to its present form, which, we hope, will lose none of its real merit, both in the quality and quantity of the matter."

The "Nassau Quarterly" is about like the LIT. that preceded it, a few short stories, a poem or two, but largely made up of philosophical and didactic essays. The class of 1866 did not keep up this new magazine. Either this class or the class of 1867 published the "Nassau World," no copies of which can be located. The only knowledge of its existence we have is gained from an editorial in the first issue of the LIT., after its revival by the class of 1868. This editorial says that since the suspension of the LIT. in 1864, its place had been taken twice, once by the "Nassau Quarterly," and again by the "Nassau World." From this we conjecture that the unknown publication must have been of the same nature as the LIT.

In 1867, the comic annual published by the Sophomore class was revived. It did not appear as the "Rake," however, but as the "Nassau Exposition." Its character is identical with that of its predecessors. The next year saw the appearance of the "Essays and Reviews on Subjects Consequential and Significant, '69 and '71." This was merely another copy of the old "Rake." Whether any annuals of this character appeared after 1868 can not be ascertained, nor is it known just why they ceased then, if this issue in 1868 was the last. The editorials in the LIT. are entirely silent on the subject.

The most ambitious journal that had thus far seen the light of day in Princeton was the "College World," the first issue of which appeared March 15, 1871. It contained eight large pages, without advertisements, had a short story, some verse, and some philosophical articles

in each number, like the "Gem" of thirty years previous. But, in addition, the "World" was a newspaper. There were columns on Alumni notes, news from other colleges, rowing, baseball, chess, and book reviews, with some topical jokes. The paper was designed to appear semi-weekly throughout the college year. From the tone of its editorials, the editors seem to have thought that they had solved once and for all the problem of providing Princeton with a newspaper suitable to the students and worthy of representing the college to the outside world. But, alas for the plans of men! On October 1, 1871, the first number of volume two appeared, and with that issue closes the tangible history of the "College World." Perhaps it continued longer, but no copies after that date are in the library. In addition, the first copy of the "Princetonian," on June 14, 1876, makes no mention of the "World," so the life of that unfortunate paper could not have been very much prolonged.

The last of Princeton's extinct publications is the "Philadelphian." This was a monthly, which first appeared in January of 1887, published at the rate of fifty cents a year, in the interests of the Philadelphia Society. This magazine contained religious articles, letters from missionaries, and other items of a more general character. Its continuation was, however, not for long. The issue of June, 1888, contains an editorial, pessimistic in tone, dealing with unpaid subscriptions and consequent financial troubles; so we have not far to seek to find a reason why this worthy effort was not continued the following year or thereafter.

This completes the list of publications which some little search could bring to light. Doubtless there were

others, especially annuals, of which no record exists, or perhaps a stray paper, like the "Tatler" of 1845, pasted in some old scrap-book yet to be discovered. Let us hope that these will some day come to light, because, with every addition to the collection, the history of the life of the men in the old college becomes clearer; and as this becomes more fully known, we get new light on the thought and mode of life of representative young men of a most interesting period of our country's history.

—*John C. Cooper, Jr.*



VOX HUMANA

O WISTFUL Voice that no one willing hears,
We count the gay, attractive to the eye,
And thee, the sombre, for a barren cry,
We mock and slay, amid th' astounded years,
Which cry: "Infatuate," as, despite our fears,
Kindling the graven Gleam, the World Charm high,
We fling thee, Truth, upon the glowing Lie
Which stifles thee and with the death-mark sears.

Slay; then repent, left silent in the night,
And turn to thee, and cry in darkened throng:
"Arise, O Truth, thou Voice of wondrous might!
"Come forth, O Truth, thou strange, undying Song!"
And while night flares, heartstruck, no more to be,
Dying we sing thy deathless melody.

—*Robert Wallis Kellogg.*

THE MONK

THIS done—what God hath joined together here
No man may put asunder—Cold! Ah, yes—
The room, and I—my heart and body, too.
How warm the days when long ago—yet not
So long—I wandered in a glorious world
And dreamed the idle dreams of youthful days.
So laughed I at the wild, capricious nod
Of Fortune; laughed to scorn the knocks of Life;
Laughed at the beck of mighty Love; and then—
But why recall the hours of joy and bliss,
A glorious vision shattered by a word?
I left the world and found a quiet rest.
How calm and pure the monastery life!
'Twas there I left the world in truth and soared
Into the realms of clear and perfect light;
Ah, then I saw my Master, and His love.
So time passed in long days of deepest thought
And nights of earnest prayer—Why, Lord, the blow?
Why was I called to join in holy bonds
His life—my only boyhood's friend—with hers,
My manhood's joy, and yet, alas, its curse.
Ave Maria! As she lay so white,
So still, I could not give her up to him
For e'en the fleeting moment ere she died.
Oh, Lord, forgive me! How I hated him
As there I joined their hands in sacred ties,
And when with happy smile she gave to him
That last and yearning kiss,—I dammed him there;
Yea, cursed him in my heart as silently
She passed to that her final home.

—*Spencer W. Phraner.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF NESS

INDEED, we're very sorry we can't go. There was a rueful expression on Clarissa's pretty face as she spoke.

"You're not half as sorry as Walter, here, and I," replied George, in his deep voice. "It's such a splendid day for a sail. Old Michigan's as calm as a mill-pond. Pshaw, I can't——"

"Now, please don't make us feel any worse," pleaded Dorothy. "We've promised to help at this hateful affair this afternoon, and we've just got to, that's all."

"I've got an idea, though," cried Clarissa, suddenly, in her impetuous way. "We'll send a substitute along," and she turned toward the house and gave a peculiar whistle. In answer to her call, a Scotch collie appeared around the corner, and came bounding toward the group, a handsome black and white fellow, all aquiver with life and animation. Clarissa caught him by the collar and patted him affectionately. "Ness has no previous engagement," she explained, smiling, "and I'm sure he'll be delighted to go sailing in our stead."

"Well," laughed George, as he and his friend turned down the steps, "I suppose if we can't get what we want, we'll have to take something else 'just as good,'" and so the two young men, with the dog as their companion, started down the street leading to the lake. Before they had gone far, Walter stole a glance backwards. Clarissa was still standing on the lawn, looking after them. In Walter's eyes she seemed like a fairy queen, her slight form clad in white, and her hair all golden in the sun. She waved to him. "Be very, very careful of Ness," she called.

Twenty minutes later Dorothy and Clarissa, from their porch, could almost hear the creaking of the pulleys

as they watched the trim white sail of the "Dorice" going up. They saw the cat-boat swing from her moorings and keel gracefully as she was brought up with her nose close into the wind. And they could just make out the black and white form of Ness sitting, a motionless, interested spectator, in the stern. The girls, watching on the porch, felt no more disappointment at their remaining behind, than did the boys down in the boat.

"What a shame they couldn't come along," said Walter.

"It is too bad," agreed George.

"The last day of my vacation, too," mourned Walter.

The boat was eating her way at a good pace into a steady, off-shore breeze, the waves slapping smartly against her bow, now and then sending over a whiff of spray. The dock which they had left was fast receding into the distance; the whole Chicago water-front was now exposed to their view, with its huge buildings, its tall, smoky factory chimneys, and its countless, bustling wharves. Several other cat-boats were out enjoying the splendid breeze, and far to the south the stacks of a large lake steamer, with their pall of smoke, could be seen just above the horizon.

Walter sat in the bottom of the boat, with such a disonsolate air, that he finally attracted George's attention.

"What the deuce is the matter, Walt?" he inquired at last, "indigestion or love?"

Walter grinned in a woe-begone way, but did not answer.

"Say, old man," continued George, "you've been suffering with this malignant ailment from the time you met Clarissa, a month ago, and you've been a most insufferable bore ever since. Why don't you ask her, and settle the thing, and be a man again?"

"Oh, you're unsympathetic," complained Walter. "You've never been there."

"No, I haven't," said George, still cross, "and never intend to be. I'm not going to contract anything that makes one such a silly, sentimental, gloomy fool as you've been ever since you caught it. For goodness sake, Walt, ask her, and if she says no, jump off the dock, take Paris green, do anything but sit around in a perpetual big gloom."

"George," cried Walter, desperately, "I've tried, and I can't. Only last night I walked back and forth past her house for half an hour, sweating drops of agony, trying to get up nerve. I even went in and called, and stayed on and on until heaven knows what unearthly hour, and I really think she tried to help me out, once or twice, but I'm a hopeless ass, and I couldn't. I do believe if I have to propose, I'll never marry her," and Walter lapsed into a miserable silence.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said George. "Well, I'll be hanged," he repeated, and then he grinned at Walter unsympathetically, and finally broke out into a hearty laugh.

For a time there was silence. Ness, grown tired of watching sea-gulls circling near the boat and other interesting sights, had curled up under the shadow of the forward deck. George, who was steering, was the first to speak.

"Say, I wonder where the wind's all gone to," he said, looking around. The sail was hanging limp, and not a breath ruffled the glassy surface of the water. The air was close and sultry.

"Look there," cried Walter, suddenly, pointing out to the northeast. George looked, and saw huge threatening thunder-caps towering above the horizon.

"That does look ugly," he commented.

Now that their attention was turned toward it, they heard the distant rumble of thunder.

"Better put about and head for home," said Walter.

George threw the tiller over, but the boat had lost steerage way, and it was only by hard work that he finally brought her around.

"I wish we could have, right now, a little bit of all that wind that's coming to us," said George, grimly.

They had't long to wait.

The sky quickly became overcast. The smooth surface of the water began to be ruffled here and there by a freshening breeze. The boat was soon going swiftly before the wind, the water rippling noisily about her bow. Large drops, forerunners of the approaching downpour, splashed into the water and on the deck of the "Dorice." It was soon blowing more heavily, and black gusts streaked the surface of the lake.

"Better reef her," called Walter.

George brought her up into the wind, and, with the sail flapping angrily, they took in three reefs. Again the boat swung around before the wind. Although only the smallest bit of sail was now exposed, she sped along at a tremendous rate. It had become quite rough; the lake was covered with white-caps, and the "Dorice" plunged wildly, her nose now high in the air, now buried in a wave, and casting a drenching spray over her whole length. The rain was upon them in blinding torrents, seemingly shaken from the sky by heavy claps of thunder. Between the rain and the spray, the planks of the flooring were already afloat in water.

"Go up forward, Walt," shouted George, "and pump for your life.

Walter rose and moved forward. At just that instant the boom swung high in the air, the sail quivered for an instant, as the wind got behind it, and then shot across the boat with terrible force. George saw the jibe coming, and shouted a warning to Walter, and then jammed the tiller down in a desperate attempt to keep the boat from being swamped. He was successful, although the impact of the boom was terrific, and the boat partly filled. As soon as she righted herself, George looked for his friend. To his horror Walter was missing. He had ducked too late. The boom had missed him, but he had

been caught by the sheet-rope and jerked violently overboard. Fortunately, however, he had caught hold of the rope, and, although it pulled him clear under the water, he had managed to hold on, and before George had time to act, he was pulling himself up over the side of the boat, white-faced, dripping. At once he glanced wildly around the boat.

"Where's Ness?" he shouted in George's ear.

George shook his head, as he tried with might and main to hold the boat to her course.

"Look!" cried Walter. He was pointing straight astern. George glanced back. For an instant he caught sight of Ness's head above the crest of a wave; the dog was swimming gamely, with his eyes fixed on the boat. The next moment he was hid from view in the trough. George turned to find Walter grasping desperately at the tiller, and trying to wrench it around. With a tremendous shove, George sent him sprawling backwards at full length in the boat.

"You fool!" he shouted, angrily. "Do you want to swamp us? Do you suppose we could turn and beat back into this wind?"

Walter picked himself up and set to work pumping, keeping his eyes, however, strained backward to keep sight of Ness. George watched his face, and knew by Walter's expression when Ness finally disappeared.

Like most of such squalls on Lake Michigan, this one was severe but brief. Soon, through a veil of rain, they could see the sky lightening in the northeast. Then the rain ceased quite abruptly, the wind died down, the sun shone out again, and the only signs of the storm that had passed were a choppy sea and a few heavy clouds in the south. The "Dorice" had come through without any severe injury, and was now headed straight for the dock, a mile or two distant. Walter sat with his face buried in his hands. When at last he raised it, it was pale.

"Well, George," he said, "it's all over."

"What's all over?" asked George.

"Why, all over between me and Clarissa," cried Walter, angrily. "You know as well as I do that she was wrapped up mind, soul and body in that dog that she trusted to me, and now I've drowned him, and do you suppose I can ever look her in the face again? She'll hate me!" Walter was fairly shouting.

"For goodness sake, calm down, Walt," said George, and I'll try to think it over."

"Good heavens!" moaned Walter, "I'll never forget the reproachful look in that dog's eyes as he went down," and he relapsed into a gloomy silence.

For a long time George sat doing some hard thinking. He was fond of Walter, and he wished he could help his friend out of such an awkward scrape. Suddenly a brilliant scheme dawned upon him.

"I've got it, Walt," he cried, enthusiastically. "I've got it!"

"Got what?" snapped Walter.

"Now listen carefully, Walter Baxter, and Clarissa will still be yours. The girls will be pretty worried, no doubt, and will be waiting for us when we come back. You stay outside on the porch and lay low. I'll take Dorothy into the scheme. When all is ready, we'll call Clarissa in. Clarissa will immediately ask for Ness. We'll put on very long faces, explain to her about the boat jibing, and tell her how you and Ness were swept overboard. At once her fears about you will put Ness out of her mind. I'll tell her how I saw the cold waves close over your face, etc., etc., will finally describe your thrilling rescue, and as a joyful relief sweeps over her, you will enter, she will be yours, and poor Ness will be quite forgotten!"

Walter couldn't help smiling. In spite of George's exaggeration, the scheme did seem plausible.

"George," he said, with admiration, "you're a brick!"

It was quite dark when the two finally walked up the path to the house. There was a dim light in the hall. Walter concealed himself outside the parlor window, where he could see and hear everything. Dorothy opened the door for George. They had been dreadfully worried, she said. Clarissa was upstairs, and had no doubt cried herself to sleep by this time. George's serious face frightened her.

"Where's Walter?" she asked, in sudden alarm.

George led her into the parlor, told her about their afternoon's adventure, and explained to her his scheme. Dorothy was delighted, and eagerly offered her aid. For a long time they talked and planned. Finally Dorothy called Clarissa down. She came into the room with a very pale, tear-stained face. Walter, peering in through the shutters, thought he had never seen her look so beautiful before. As they had expected, her first question was about Ness. George and Dorothy played their parts to perfection. The former with an infinitely tragic face, narrated the whole accident; told how the boom had swept over, and how Walter and Ness had been carried overboard.

"Did he drown, was my dog drowned?"

George admitted sadly that he was drowned, but described also, as a climax, how Walter had sunk out of sight. For an instant Clarissa looked stunned; then she rushed from the room, sobbing:

"Oh, my poor Ness! You've drowned him, you've drowned him!"

George and Dorothy looked at each other in mute astonishment. Such an outcome was unlooked for—unexplainable. What possessed the girl?

Walter had watched the little drama from the outside. Now he turned away from the window heart-broken.

"If that's all she loved me," he mused, "maybe it's just as well."

He was as completely bewildered as the two people inside. Why, Clarissa hadn't even a human regard for

him, or she would—in common decency—have asked about his fate. He walked to the front of the veranda. It was a still summer night. After its treacherous work of the day, the lake was calm and peaceful. The moon was just rising. Well, he wouldn't wait for George. Sympathy would be unbearable. He would quietly slip out of town on the next train. He—but just at that instant he heard the faintest rustle behind him, and felt the soft touch of a hand. He turned around sharply and—looked into Clarissa's white, tear-stained face. There was a faint, hesitating smile under the tears.

"Will you try to forgive me, please, Walter?" she asked.

"Forgive you?" cried Walter, dazed. "Forgive you!"

"S-h-h, not so loud," cautioned Clarissa. "Oh, yes, Walt, please forgive me." She was pleading earnestly now. "I was so mean and hateful. Don't you see? I knew everything all the time. I was sitting on the stairs when George and Dorothy came in. They left the parlor door a bit open, and I heard everything—heard the whole plan, and then, Oh, Walter," (she couldn't help laughing just a bit), "some wicked spirit took possession of me, and I acted so cruelly, and won't you please forgive me?"

Even though it was only moonlight on the porch, Walter could see a look in Clarissa's eyes that made his heart jump for joy, and—well, Walter didn't have to propose after all; he just took her in his arms.

When they went inside after a while to see if George and Dorothy were still puzzling over Clarissa's strange behavior, everything was so quiet that Clarissa tiptoed into the parlor very softly and looked cautiously around the door. She turned and eagerly beckoned to Walter, who likewise came and looked in. Then the two eavesdroppers tiptoed softly out again into the hall.

"Well, of all the pure, unadulterated selfishness!" exclaimed Clarissa, softly. "They've forgotten all about us."

"He's proposing! As sure as the world, George is proposing!" gleefully exclaimed Walter. "And to think it was only this afternoon that he solemnly swore he would remain a bachelor all his life."

* * * * *

"You're sure," said Walter, when they were saying good-night, "you're quite sure you aren't sorry that I was saved, instead of Ness?"

For a minute there was a tense silence. Clarissa smiled a little tearfully. Then suddenly they were startled by the creaking of the front door, which had been left unlatched, there was a flash of black and white, an eager whine, and two wet paws streaked Clarissa's dress. She dropped to her knees with a little cry, and caught Ness in her arms. Walter, scarcely trusting his eyes, offered a prayer of thanks to his guardian angel.

"I forgot," he whispered, "I just entirely forgot that you can't drown a dog."

—*W. J. Funk.*



THE UNSEEN PRESENCE

IT is the room she loved, this room so gray,
And dimly scented by the musty rose;
With damasks hanging wher once twilight glows
Would stream, or dancing sun-motes steal to play;
And now as I with fond heart sadly stray
Within its portals, fain would they disclose
Her presence; 'twas as if each object chose
To bring her from the sad-sweet yesterday.

Books there she loved to finger, and nearby
Some Persian jar which she with rose-leaves fill'd,
And yonder velvets soft that felt her tread,
And latticed windows, where she watched the sky
With purples tremble e'er day's doom was will'd,
All tell of her—but she, alas, has fled.

LaFayette Lentz Butler.

FLORIDA SKETCHES

I.

THE blistering sun of midsummer in Florida beat down on the houseboat, where it lay at anchor in the inlet. On the little forward deck, where I sat dreaming, it was cool and refreshing. Even the gleam from the water seemed less distressing than usual. Far down at the end of the inlet I could make out the other two members of our party, clad in overalls and wide straw hats, standing on a small bank, fishing for our next meal. Civilization seemed an unreal thing, far away. I had been left to clean up the dishes, and put the good ship "Ark" in order generally, but I had succumbed to the fatal lassitude of the tropics.

Before me, across a narrow stretch of water, gleaming and flashing in the noonday sun, lay the low sand-bar that separated the inlet from the broad Atlantic. The sand-dunes, covered here and there with tufts of native wire-grass, prevented me from seeing the ocean itself, but a low murmur, deep and dull, told where the restless waves were beating on the beach a mile away. A gull screamed over my head, then again all was silent, except for the complaint of the sea in the distance and the buzz of a wasp building his nest above me.

At my left, the Inlet ended in a wide stretch of grayish green marsh sombre and desolate, and so characteristic of Florida. From the marsh arose curious islands, covered with the dense underbrush of the tropics, and surmounted at times by a few scrub oaks or a palm tree or two. At my right, down toward the end where my two vagabond friends were fishing, lay another series of sand-dunes, dotted with palm trees; and beyond the dunes stretched the wide mouth of the great river, down

which the first Huguenot settlers in America had sailed, having been attracted here in the days before Menendez had founded St. Augustine.

Behind me, I knew was Fort George Island. I did not need to turn about to know what it looked like in the bright July sun.. It was one mass of vegetation. Palm trees, cabbage palmettos, live oaks, and any abundance of small shrubbery hid from sight any sign of habitation. I was alone in the primeval wilderness. Any moment one of the low pirate craft that infested these waters a century ago might appear around the end of the island and seize upon the "Ark." I could almost feel a preliminary shudder at being invited to walk the plank. Suddenly the discordant cry of a great white heron, who had been standing peacefully on one leg in the marshes, awoke me from my reverie, and as the bird slowly rose into the air and flapped lazily away, I remembered—the dishes were yet to be washed.

II.

The day was hot, dreadfully hot. The mid-day walk, two long miles across the island, had almost exhausted us, even though the dense growth of trees made the winding shell road delightfully shady. Here we were at last, on the very end of the island, but not the end of the road. The road continued in the shape of a causeway across the marsh that surrounded the island and stretched across to the mainland, some half mile away. The only other way of entering the island is by a most intricate series of creeks through the marsh, which only an experienced pilot can possibly follow, and even then the chances of going wrong are far from slim.

But the causeway. Who had built it? How old was it? Answer me these questions, and I could tell you better the history of the gate and the blockhouse. Yes, there is a gate and a blockhouse. Only a few traces of the gate at the island end of the causeway still exist, but the old blockhouse has suffered only the loss of its roof and a

little crumbling of the walls. Perhaps the Spaniards built it, for the blockhouse is constructed of coquino, like the old fort at St. Augustine. However, local tradition has it that the pirate who built this blockhouse and commenced the old home at the other end of the island was an Englishman. The road that the blockhouse protected leads straight through the island to the home, where the old slave quarters and traces of underground dungeons still exist. The waterway to the island through the marshes ends at the house.

The heat was stifling. But utterly oblivious, I stood by the pillar of the old gate, and thought I discerned traces of an ancient drawbridge in the causeway. The Present slipped away, and I lived in the swash-buckling Past. I could see a villainous-looking sentry standing at his post, guarding his chief's domain from danger from the mainland, or perhaps trading with the settlers or Seminoles here at the gate. Soon he looked toward the west, where a little, rakish craft was sailing apparently on the marsh, making its way to the other end of the island. The Jolly Roger was flying at the mast-head, and the sentry knew that his chief was returning home laden with booty. Pursuit through those devious channels would have been fruitless. And then—

But my companion was a practical-minded person, so he insisted that we hurry, or we would be late in reaching the mainland. So on we trudged out over the causeway in the sizzling heat, but in my ears still rang the challenge of the sentry and the tread of armed men.

John C. Cooper, Jr.

AND STILL I SIT AND THINK OF THEE

THE sunset steals its glory from the rose,
Then fades and dies: the twilight grows more
deep.

Like some sweet maiden's breath the south-wind blows
And gently stirs the flowers that nod in sleep.

Hushed and low,
Soft, soft and slow,
It whispers so mysteriously.
And still I sit and think of thee.

I think no night was ever quite so clear,
So filled with light, so wonderfully still—
So strangely sweet, I fancy I can hear
The notes of shepherd's pipes comes from the hill;
And by their grace
And charm, thy face
Steals through the gathering dusk to me.
And still I sit and think of thee.

These quiet hills content a weary mind,
The fragrant meadows fill a heart with ease;
And whispered messages come down the wind,
And whispered answers stir among the trees,
While soft and fair
And light as air
Thy presence hovers over me.
And still I sit and think of thee.

—*W. J. Funk.*

Aftermath

TRIOLET.

SHE kissed a red rose,
Her fond love declaring.
Though every one knows
She kissed a red rose,
There's no need to suppose
It's the same one I'm wearing—
She kissed a red rose,
Her fond love declaring.

—J. I. Scull.

WALKS AND WALKERS

GENUS hominum est omne divisa in partes tres. Many and varied have been the classifications of the human race. That which recommends itself to us, as simplest and most essential, is the division based upon pedestrianism; for we are primarily a race of pedestrians, whether we walk from motives of business or of pleasure. Humanity, then, naturally falls into the three classes; first, of those who go their ways independently; second, of those who play the companion to others; third, of those who are "the cynosure of every eye." With that erratic creature, content to pick his lonely way, we are not now concerned. Nor can we all lord it as monarch of our path. That much larger throng, who play their humble part amongst the common mob, holds our attention for a while. Let us leave behind the garish avenue of life's strife and tumult,

and wander for a space along sequestered by-ways. How to appreciate these—this should be the question. Let me recommend for every walk, a *companion*. And of companions, I recognize three. First, we have the inner self; second, some external comrade; and lastly, the fellowship of Nature.

The second self—a vague term, yet nevertheless real. Whoever has bid good-bye to toil and trouble, to seek for recreation in total relaxation, will appreciate the phrase. Although necessarily of an introspective nature, this second ego need not be the pessimistic kind. Most often it is framed in rosiest hues. The purest happiness springs from such a mood. Then things are seen in truest light; and effort, though it be unconscious, is the best. Like all medicines, however, overdose leads to poison. Melancholy, when once it has a foothold in the system, soon gnaws away the vitals. But little need man fear, so quickly does he respond to his social disposition.

Like suits of clothing, there are comrades fitted for every occasion. Who would dream of walking down the country lane with the prattling fool, or of plunging into the stream of metropolitan festivities with the crabbed philosopher? Choose your comrade for your mood; or what is more difficult, but sometimes necessary, adapt your mood to your comrade. Perhaps the old adage of familiarity asserts itself in your case. If the attractiveness of human society pale, you may descend to lower levels. Men like Stevenson have learned the value of many an animal companion. In this respect our western neighbors are particularly fortunate in the possession of the "Rocky Mountain Canary Bird." Again, we may descend a step further. The value of inanimate companions is shown by the very gender of such words as "ship."

When you tire of the companionship of self and others, it is high time for a return to Nature—first and last, man's chief companion. And there is this to be said in her favor, she is always ready. Slight her as you will, the

prodigal never wants a welcome. So much philosophy has been wasted upon "friends," that we oft know not how to rank them. Ourselves we can not trust, for we are our own worst enemy. The talisman goes a-begging. Take care, however, that you humor her, for she possesses the common characteristic of them all, a minute's time suffices for a change of countenance. That Nature has her moods no one can deny. The Great Stone Face is as changeable as a maiden's fancy, while the same sad atmosphere still broods over Stoke Poges that rested there when Gray composed his "Elegy." Some wild, tumultuous spirits take joy in the matching of themselves against the overaweing grandeur of an Alpine prospect. Those within whom burns the fire more evenly find pleasure in the Sunday quiet of an English pastoral scene. "Like unto like." And the moral of this gossip is: Of companions there are a-plenty, but choose ye wisely.

—*Milton Matter.*

GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT, sweetheart,
The day has gone beyond the west
To dream and rest;
And on the great blue chart
The stars and dim twilight—
Sweetheart, good-night.

Good-night, sweetheart,
The little birds have ceased their song,
And all the throng
Of shadows troop apart,
With noiseless step and light—
Sweetheart, good-night.

—*H. E. Joy.*

Nov. 1907

Editorial

The Honor System in Colleges

Princeton men are always deeply interested in anything pertaining to the subject of Honor Systems. It is, therefore, with great eagerness that we read the resolutions recently adopted by the Academic Senior Class of Yale. A mere glance at the resolutions is sufficient to show any Princeton man the difference between our Honor System and that which Yale has just abolished. Under the first resolution it is said: * * * "A simple honor system, based on the individual, is ideal but impracticable, because of the size of the class and the lack of any provision for dealing with any offense that might arise." In commenting on this the *Yale Alumni Weekly* says: "The Faculty received no guarantee from the Class that the plan would work, except through the expectation that public opinion in the Class would make disregard of the agreement extremely unpopular, if not impossible." A little further on it continues: "To establish a code, arrange courtmartial for criminals, and punish men on the testimony of their classmates isn't the Yale way of doing things."

It is in these quotations that we see the reason for the failure of Yale's experiment in conducting examinations on an honor basis. An "Honor System," to be successful, must be a real *system*. It cannot be allowed to run itself. Arrangements must be made to punish offenders. Has the character of the young men of to-day become so saint-like that a Utopian ideal can take the place of rules, laws and systems? Princeton men do not swear by their Honor System, because they believe that there is not an individual in the University who is tempted to

cheat, but because they believe that each class as a whole is opposed to such a breach of the moral code, and, what is more, will not allow the guilty man to remain among them. There are always some individuals in any community who obey the laws only because they know that violation means punishment. This does not prove, however, that the community is not respectable and honorable. In these modern days men come to college from every conceivable environment, from schools in practically all of which no honor system is used. It is, therefore, necessary, in some cases, that a man's moral backbone should at first be strengthened by fear of punishment, but as he grows up in this atmosphere of self-government he comes to rejoice in it, and to appreciate his freedom.

"The Class of 1908 quite naturally declined to upset Yale traditions by undertaking any responsibility for the morals of their fellows," says the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, and in another place: "The Faculty made no explicit suggestions, but the Senior Class understood that some guarantee was necessary that the system should be operative, and hereupon, with much good sense, declined to do the only thing that would assure such results—namely, undertake to report offenders to the college officers."

These two quotations contain two ideas with which we do not at all sympathize. In the first place, every man is, in the final analysis, responsible for the morals of his fellows, and, furthermore, there must be in every body of American young men a desire for a voice in the government of themselves. In the second place, it is most discouraging to see the school-boy idea of tale-bearing creep into our college life. In places where an Honor System is in use, the matter is considered in a different light. A man fails to measure up to the moral standard of the community. He is reported to the Student Committee. If convicted of dishonesty, the Faculty is recommended to dismiss him, and, without having his shame published, he slips out of town. His is a standard of

honor lower than his classmates, among whom he is not entitled to a place. The result of such a system is the growing dependence of the student upon himself, until by his senior year he would as soon think of stealing as cheating. It seems practically certain that an honor system is more thorough than that of professional inspection, for it is impossible in a large class that one or even several professors should have the whole situation under surveillance. But the great advantage of the Honor System is that it goes even further. It compels public opinion to assume the shape of a sense of honor. If the young man of to-day has not the idea of absolute, unwavering honesty bred into his very bone before he leaves his college, do you think that after he graduates, when he is already legally a man, that he can step forth with perfect confidence in his own integrity when he has not had the opportunity of testing his moral fibre? We believe most sincerely that the importance of training in self-government cannot be overestimated, and that the honesty of a community of college men, like Yale, where the sense of honor of the leading men is so real, should be in the hands of the students themselves.



Gossip

UPON PROFITABLE IDLENESS

The Gossip had come back to his room after a long, wild ramble through the autumn woods and fields. His heart was filled with the perfect peace and contentment that comes from the contemplation of beauty. In his thoughts he still trod the rustling carpet of leaves—brown, yellow, red—among the tall trees or wandered along the brookside, or through the open fields, under the soft blue sky.

The night was chilly with a light autumn frost, and soon the Gossip had the fire upon his little hearth-stone blazing merrily, while he lounged in an easy chair and stretched his legs to the comfortable warmth. With a second easy chair drawn up beside his own for a chance visitor, the Gossip fell into a reverie, and allowed his fancy to drift idly where it would. But he was not to be allowed to remain uninterruptedly with his thoughts. There came a brisk knock at the door, and before the Gossip could rouse himself sufficiently to answer, the door opened and the Social Success, faultlessly clad, walked easily into the room. He accepted the proffered invitation, and seated himself well within the radiant circle of warmth. Now the Gossip was in that pleasant and genial frame of mind when one feels a kindly interest in everything. So he listened patiently to a long dissertation upon dinners and dances and teas, adding such little matters of interest as were possible from a limited experience, yet all the time picturing to himself the later existence of the Social Success. How hollow and empty it all seemed. But the Social Success kept talking steadily on. Finally he rose to go. "You better arrange to take in that dance, Gossy," he said. "Why, man alive, they're one of the wealthiest families. You oughtn't to miss a chance like that to meet society," he called back, as he stalked nonchalantly out of the room.

The Gossip fell back again without much trouble into his attitude of indolence. There came a timid knock at the door. "Come in!" roared the Gossip, so as to be heard without changing his position. The door opened uncertainly, and a slim, saw-toothed youth entered the room. "Hello, Bert," said the Gossip, "sit down and stay a while." The Poler laid his book on the table, and sat uncomfortably on the edge of the chair. "I came to see you," he commenced, "about some Greek—you took Greek 74 last year?" The Gossip nodded. "Well, I wanted to ask," continued the Poler, "what you would recommend as a good way to—well—take a first group stand."

"You might try getting a good general knowledge of the subject," suggested the Gossip, sagely. The Poler laughed nervously. "Ah, you misunderstood me," he said, "I wondered if you could tell me any of the—well—er—the foibles of Professor Blank. You see, I get terribly excited on examination, and I have calculated that I must have a high stand in this course to get a first general group." The Gossip told the Poler all that a year's experience had taught him of Professor Blank. The Poler listened eagerly; then rose to go. "Stay a while and warm yourself," urged the Gossip. The Poler smiled a little mournfully. "I must prepare day after to-morrow's Latin lessons," he said, and walked awkwardly out, mumbling good-night.

There were other acquaintances who dropped in to see the Gossip that night. The Man Interested in Politics, the Athlete, the Walking Dictionary. But at last the door closed after the visit of the Young Philosopher, with his quotations from Socrates and Plato, and the Gossip, overcome by the genial warmth of the fire and a pleasant weariness in his legs, fell into a light sleep.

When he opened his eyes somewhat later he saw that his fire had burned itself out. Only the dull red embers glowed on the hearth. Suddenly the Gossip sat up. Someone had turned out the lights. "Hello, Gossy," said a quiet voice from the chair beside him. The Gossip looked into the smiling face of the Lover. "Why, how long have you been here?" he asked. "I slipped in about an hour ago," replied the Lover. "It looked so nice and cozy, and I wanted to think for a while." The Gossip smiled to

himself. He, too, has fancied that he was in love. The two friends lapsed into silence.

It was nearly half an hour later when the Lover rose. "Well, Gossy," he said, "I'm obliged to you for letting me look into your fire, but it's getting late and high time to get some sleep. Good-night."

"How is *she* to-night?" asked the Gossip, rising from his chair. The Lover started a little and smiled. "Oh, very well, indeed, by her letter," he replied.

"I'm glad," said the Gossip.

"Thank you, Gossy—good-night."

"Good-night."

* * * * *

It was some hours later when the Gossip's room-mate returned and found him asleep in his chair smiling to himself. "You incorrigible loafer, Gossy," he said, shaking him, "I suppose you've been sitting around talking and idling all evening. You waste more time——"

But privately the Gossip was far from believing that his evening was wasted.

GLOVES

may be right and not be
Fownes, but they can't be

FOWNES

and not be right.

Editor's Table

There is only one thing worse than taking literature in doses prescribed by some kind friend, and that is being a literary surgeon. A literary surgeon who must amputate poems, cut up stories and benevolently sneer at every literary undertaking after whetting his knife! These surgeons are more familiarly known as critics, and, alas, many of them take up a book much in the fashion that Bentley Drummle, the disagreeable snob in "Great Expectations" did, namely, "as if its writer had done him an injury," and they feel under obligations to give tit-for-tat on every occasion possible. In such a frame of mind, the critic easily becomes a pessimist, and may degenerate into what Tennyson was wont to designate him—an ass.

It seems to me that fault-finding should not be the supreme goal of us who review these college periodicals, but rather a side issue. Why, some things are good because they are so miserably bad, for they keep us wondering how they got into print. For example, the "Ode to Freshmen," in *University of Mississippi Magazine*, of which I quote but one stanza:

"Oh, Freshmen true, let's up and make a start;

Let's brave the steep, and storm it to the end.

And those who will have acted well their part

Will reach the goal, as merit always wins."

It is hardly necessary to add that it was written by a Freshman.

But the exchange readers should not become discouraged over the first verse which they chance to read in the first magazine they glance through. Turn to the *Williams Lit.* and read Willard A. Gibson's "A Dirge," and you get the real, delicate spirit of poetry, with an airy yet dignified rhymth in each of the stanzas.

Again, read the verse in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, and you realize how well some of the undergraduates have

succeeded in writing lyrics. Mr. Marc Bradley's "A Face" is good, but by no means as excellent as his contribution to our own magazine on the same subject last January. Mr. Cook's "October" is delightfully fanciful and sensuous, especially in the verse:

"And o'er the earth the frail winds sing and croon
Among the withered grasses."

But what the editor of the *Redwood* could see in "Help Him Out" is not for us to say, unless it were really to have tried to apply the title *ad personam*. We quote a few stanzas to show how the muse is sometimes worked overtime.

If your classmate's in despair,
Pulling, tugging at his hair,
Just one little moment spare,
Help him out.

If he's sick or deep in debt,
In the blues or prone to fret,
Cares of self, my friend, forget,
Help him out.

And then still one other stanza to cap the climax:

Should he go at studies' close
To your room and spoil your doze,
While you then the door propose,
Help him out.

Inimitable stanzas! Wonderful nonenities! Marvellous tommy-rot!

Then there is the prose, for after having read some of the October poetry (?) we fly to it for relief. A clever essay on "The Puritan Type in Hawthorne," in the *Yale Lit.*, and an intelligent essay on "Lafcadio Hern," in the *Williams Lit.*, are among the best things. The stories are notably below the average in most of our exchanges. However, the "day's at the morn," as far as the new college year is concerned, and we shall look forward to greater development in all the branches as the winter advances. At any rate, let us hope the best is yet to be given us.

MOON-FAIRIES.

Out in the garden, and over the lawn—
Everywhere, everywhere dancing;
Slipping and gliding between the tall elms,
Fair on the rivulet glancing—
See where the moon-fairies play in the dark—
Play till the dawning of day,
Then over the meadows, and over the hills
Silently vanish away!

They say, every moon-fairy drops from her hair
A diamond come from the sky;
And when with the dawning the dancers depart,
There on the grass they will lie.
The sun will cast glory upon them, at last;
The blue-birds will carol anew;
And bright in the garden, and fresh on the lawn
Will sparkle the fairy-dropt dew!

—*E. K. Morse, in Yale Literary Magazine.*



Book Talk

**"Shelburne
Essays"**

The fourth series of the "Shelburne Essays," by Paul Elmer More, is a collection of essays that have appeared at various times in the "International Quarterly," the "Independent," and the New York "Evening Post," although in a number of cases the articles have been amplified by the addition of new material. The occasions for the writing of the essays have generally been the appearance of new works on the subjects, which have again brought them into the public eye. In the present series, the author deals with the the Vicar of Morwenstow, Fanny Burney, "Daddy" Crisp, George Herbert, John Keats, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Lamb, Walt Whitman, William Blake, and Horace Walpole. He has also added a discussion of the true theme of "Paradise Lost." Following closely the idea of what an essay should be, Mr. More has intended his work principally to excite our interest for a more intensive study of the subject; and he has given us, as it were, but an introduction and foretaste of what might follow. The essays are all interesting, and deal with the topic in a manner that is free from partiality. In some matters, the author has thought fit to differ from the heretofore accepted authorities, and his manner of defense reveals a mind which seeks to think for itself. (Shelburne Essays, by Paul Elmer More, 4th series, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., 1906; \$1.25 net.)

I. T. W.

**"The Daughter
of Anderson
Crew"**

Suppose that you were Town Marshal of Tinkletown, and a detective of local repute; suppose that after having served many years in this capacity, you found one night an infant on your doorstep, with a mysterious note bidding you to take her into your care, for which you would be rewarded abundantly. Then

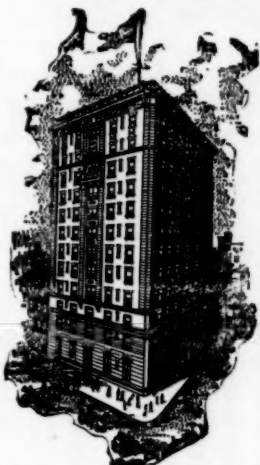
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suppose you had "raised her," to find this dear Rosalie one day cruelly disappear; and further suppose that she was at length found in a terrible cave by a Harvard boy—well, what would you do under these pressing chains of supposition? These were a few of the problems that confronted Anderson Crow, and make Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's story the wildest kind of cheap melodrama.

It is a pity that the author of "Ira Ustark," in which unusually high imaginative power was exhibited, should become a slave to the commercialization of literature. There was much promise of an excellent romance in his latest book's opening chapters, but it rapidly degenerated into a "blood and thunder" story of astounding improbability as the chapters advanced. The single character which was well drawn was that of Anderson Crow, and Mr. McCutcheon did not utilize the possibilities which lay before him after the old town marshal had been created. The one redeeming feature of the book is the excellent number of sketches which Mr. Martin Justice has provided, and they portray the characters much more eloquently than does the author at any time. (*The Daughter of Anderson Crow*, by George Barr McCutcheon, \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

L. L. B.

